

**GOLD
KEY**

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

NOW ONLY 12c

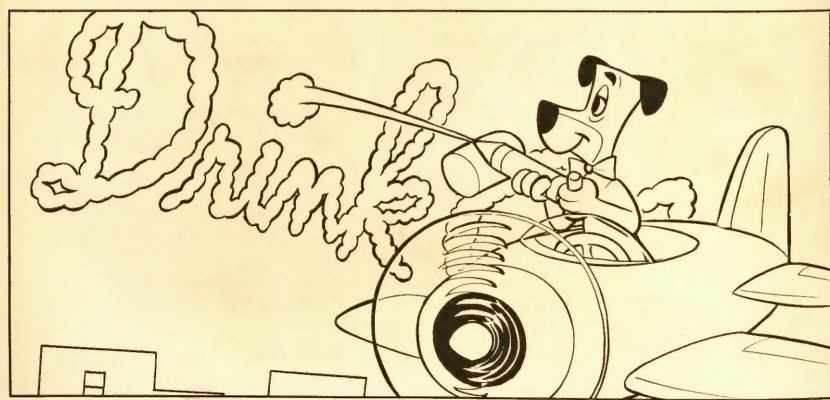
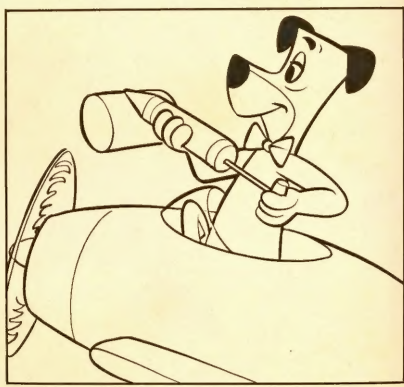
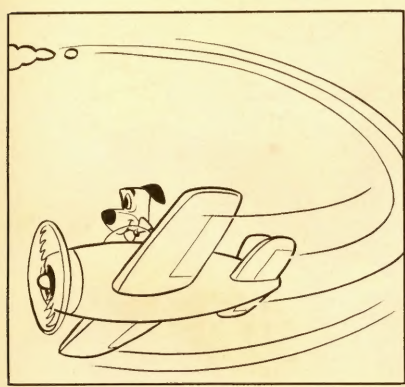
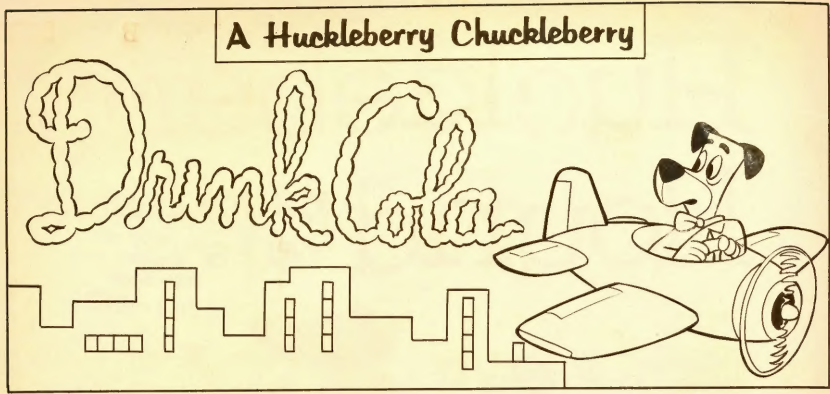
Huckleberry Hound

**CHUCKLEBERRY
TALES**



by HANNA-BARBERA

A Huckleberry Chuckleberry



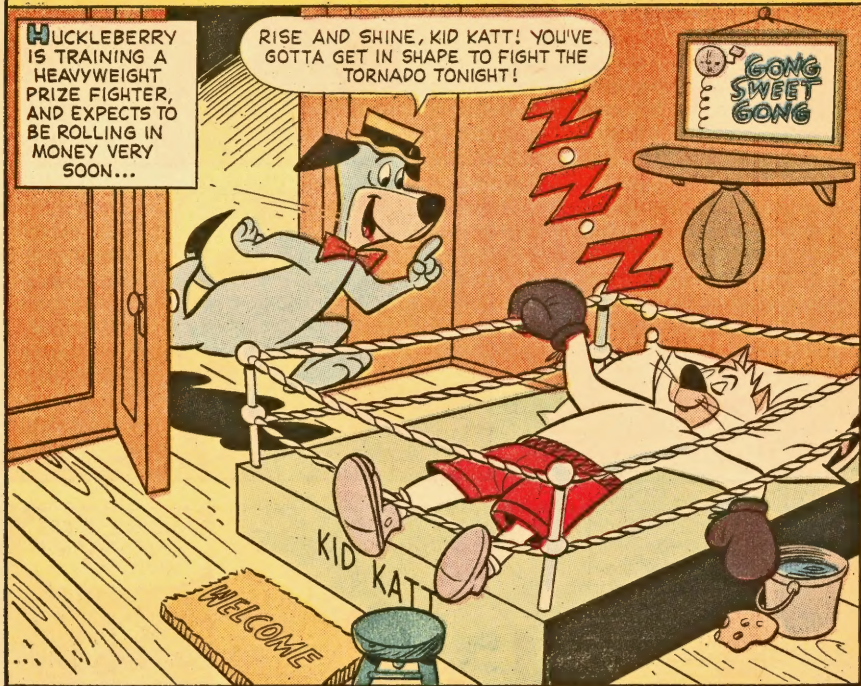
Hanna-Barbera

Huckleberry Hound Chuckleberry Tales

The BOXING BUSINESS

HUCKLEBERRY IS TRAINING A HEAVYWEIGHT PRIZE FIGHTER, AND EXPECTS TO BE ROLLING IN MONEY VERY SOON...

RISE AND SHINE, KID KATT! YOU'VE GOTTA GET IN SHAPE TO FIGHT THE TORNADO TONIGHT!



YOO-HOO! WAKE UP, YOU CANVAS-BACK CAT!



HUCK H. #20-631

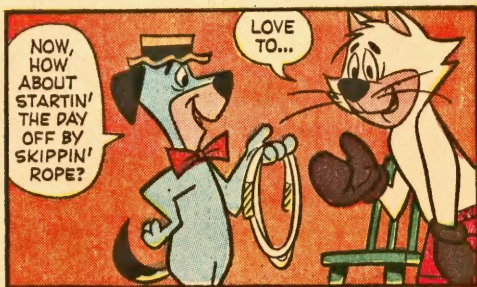
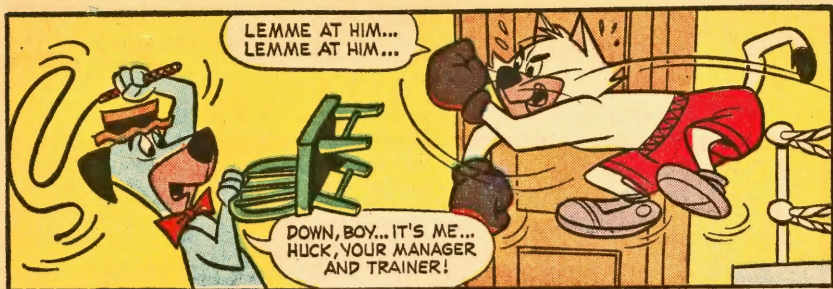
OOPS! FORGOT! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO WAKE THE KID!

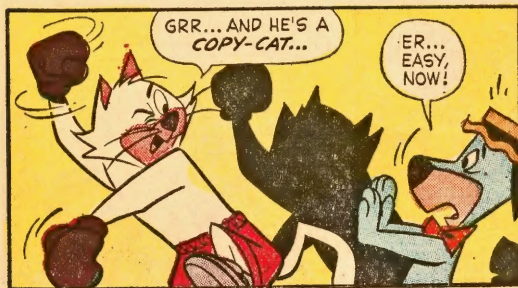
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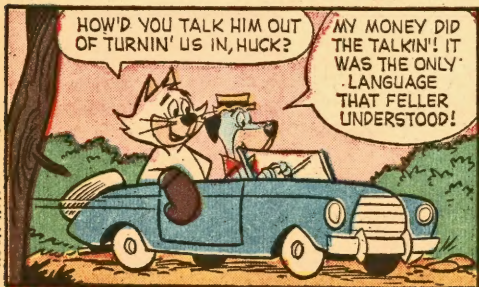
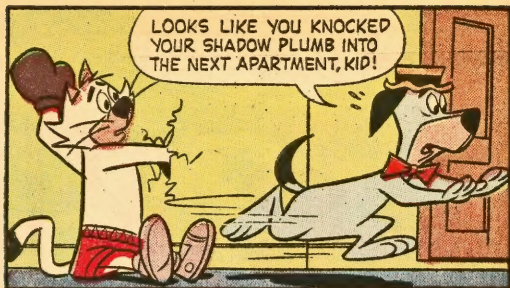


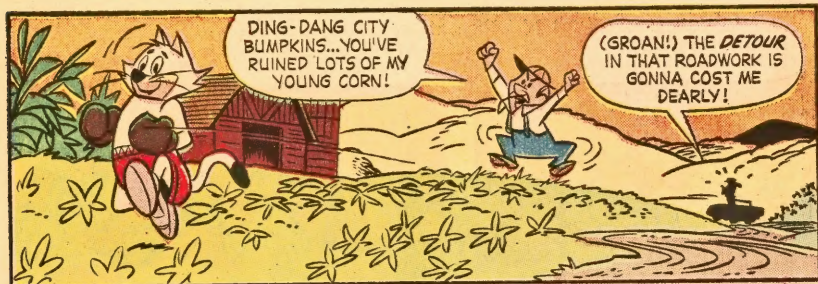
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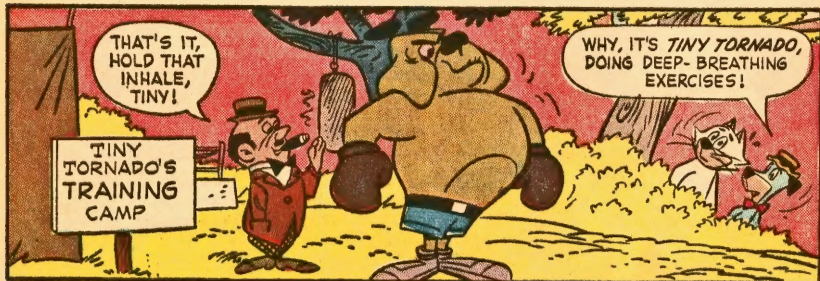
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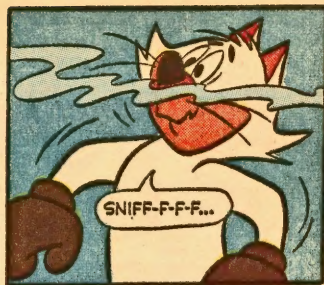
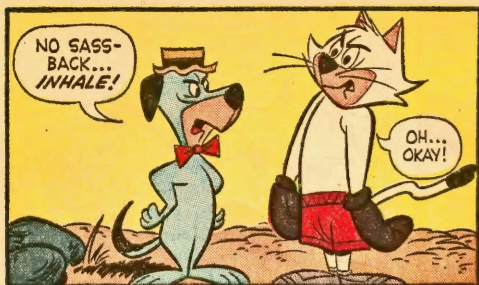


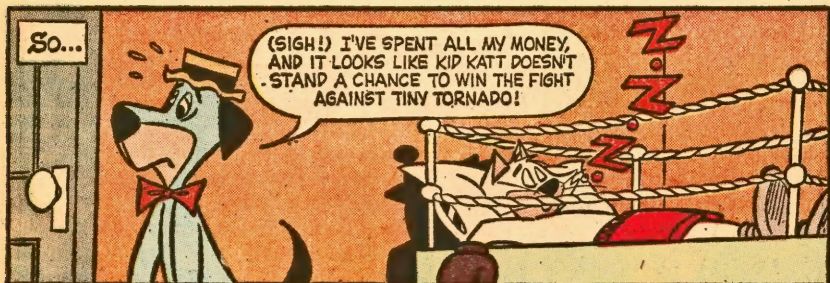
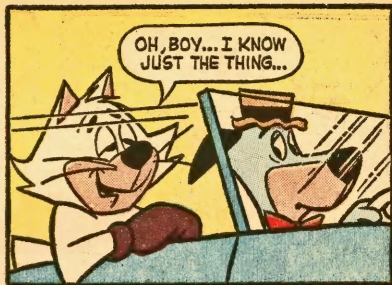


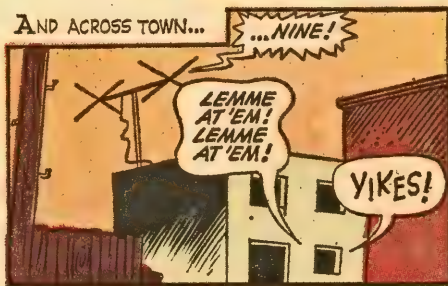
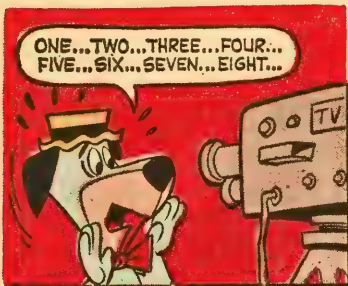
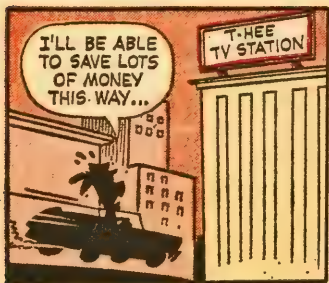




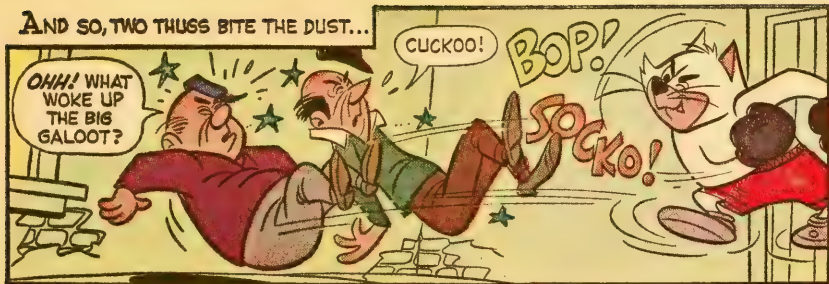








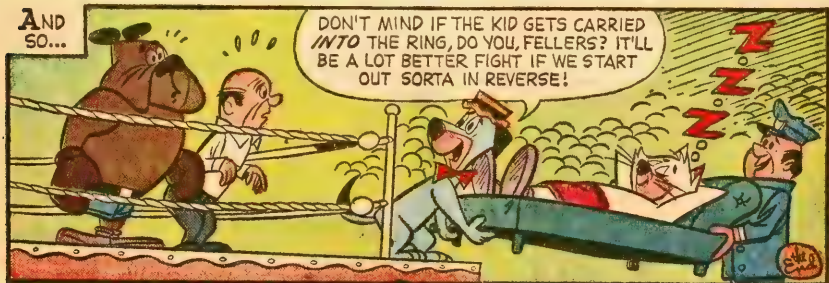
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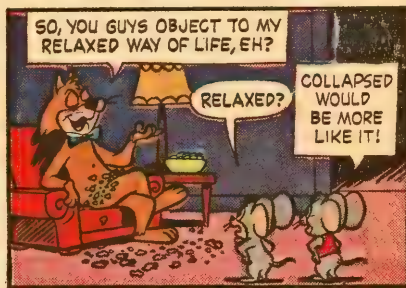
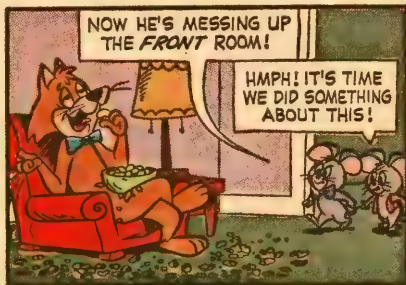
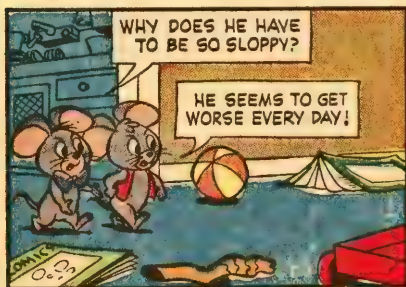
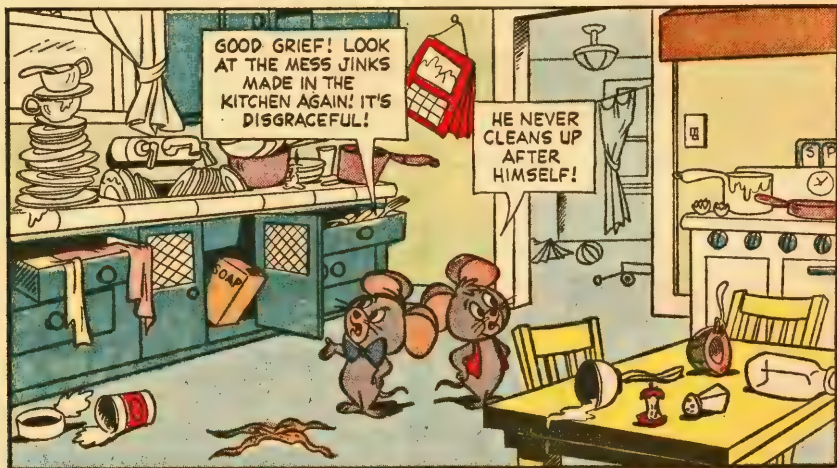
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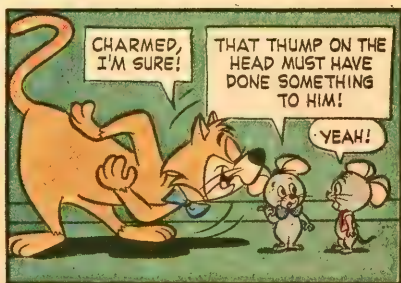
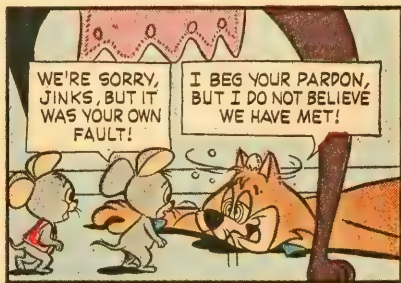
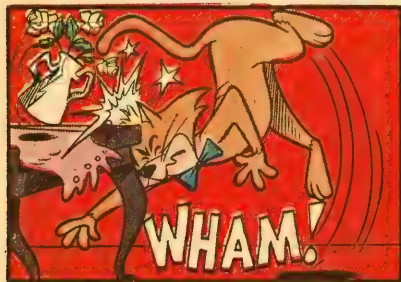
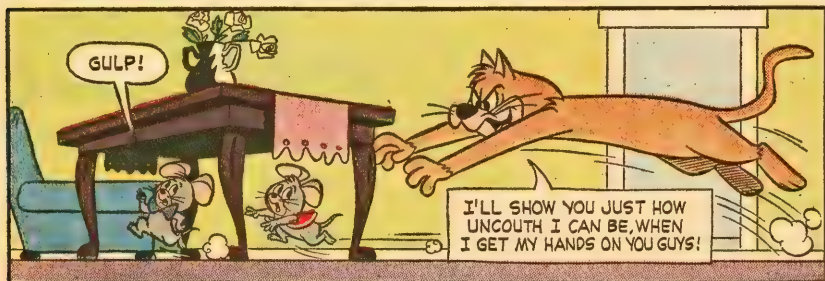
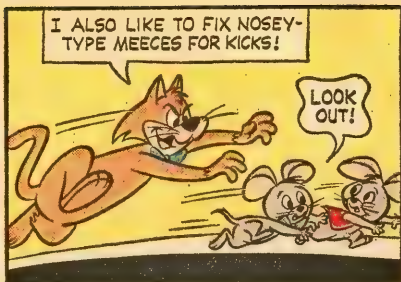
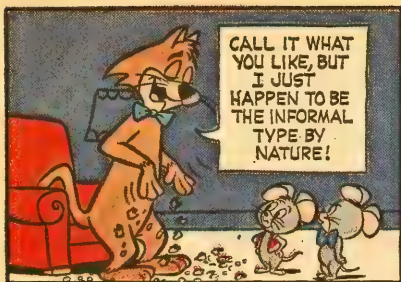


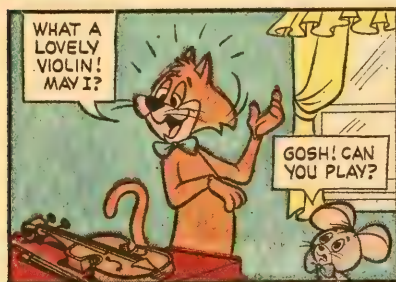
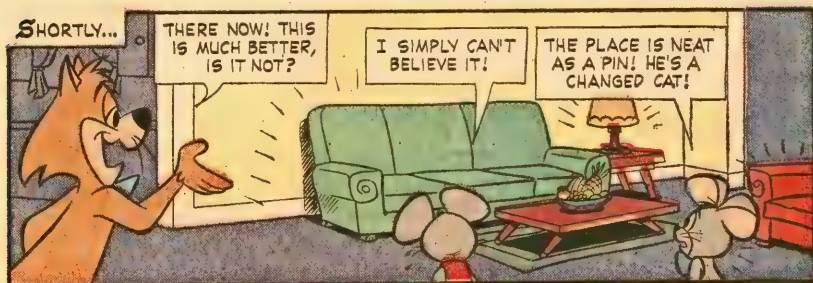
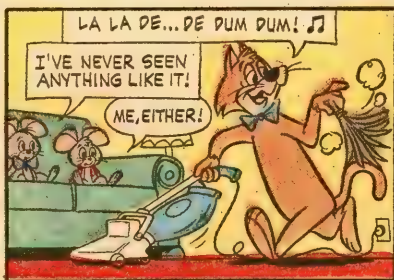
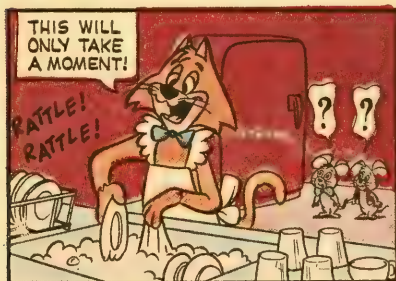
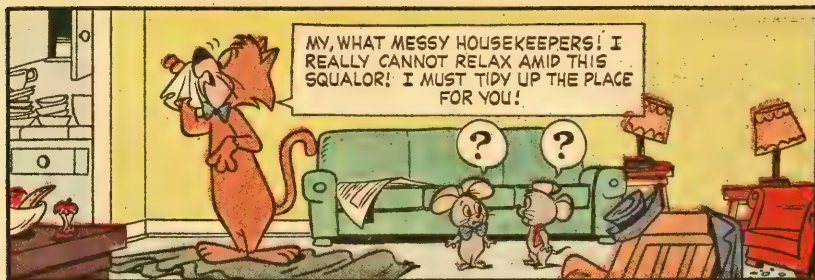
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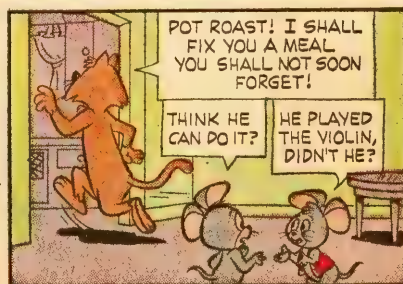
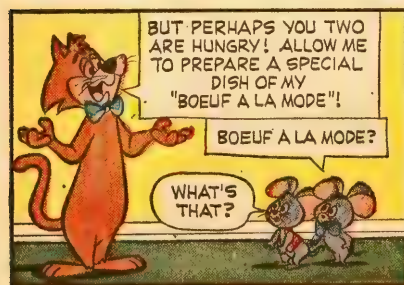
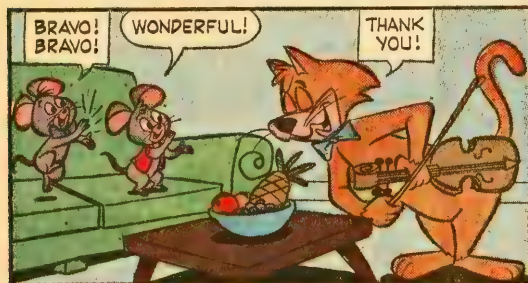
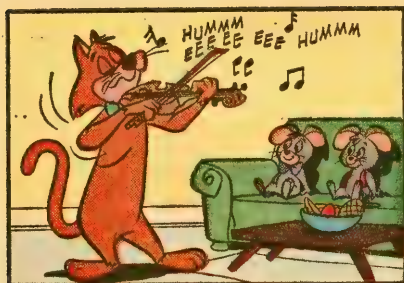


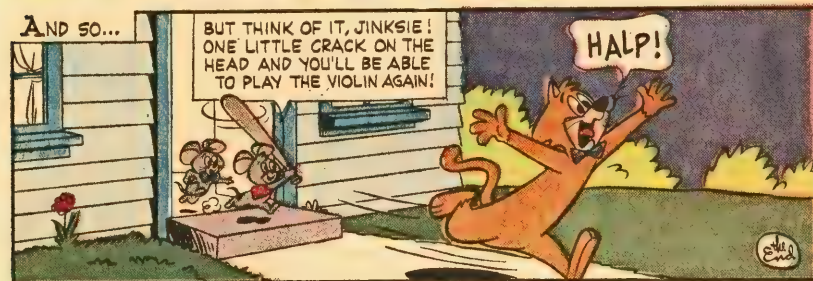
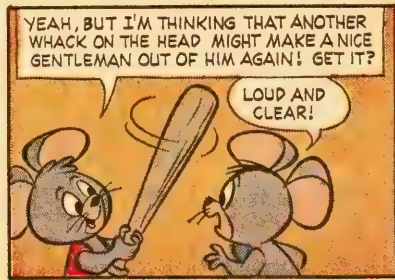
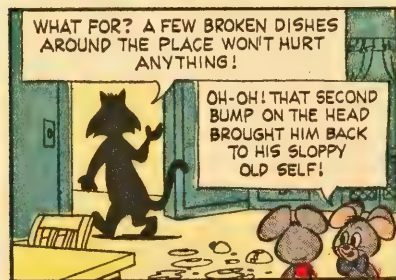
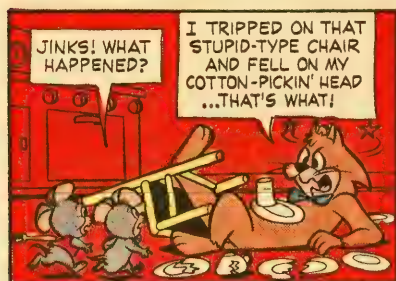
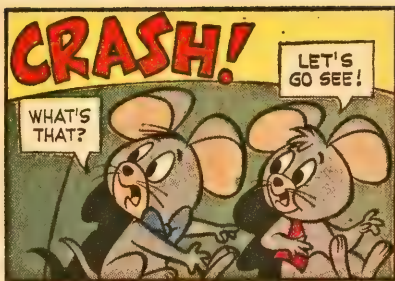
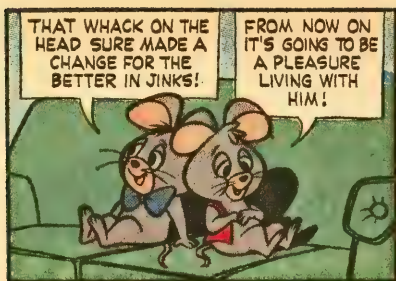
Hanna-Barbara
Pixie, Dixie and Mr. Jinks
A SOFT LIFE WITH A HARD HEAD











GOING TO THE DOGS



Top Cat and his gang stood across from the big city auditorium. They shivered with fear as they read the big sign that hung out in front. What mere sign could make them shiver in terror? Simple... "Society Dog Show Today!"

"Boy, you wouldn't find me dead in that place today," said Top Cat.

"On the contrary, T.C., that's the only way we'd find you there," retorted Brain.

Benny said, "Let's get away from here. The further away from those dogs, the better."

Just as the gang turned to go, two sinister-looking thugs crept up behind them with big sacks. It was Mike Meany and Buddy Badguy, two thugs so bad they were wanted in fifty-six of the fifty states!

"Okay, felines, we're taking you to the dog show," snorted Mike, as he and Buddy started stuffing cats into their sacks, faster than you could say, "Here kitty, kitty." Quickly, the two thugs ran down the alley with their sacks full of cats.

"Help, cat-nappers," cried Fancy from inside one of the sacks.

From the other sack came, "Never fear, Fancy, Top Cat won't let these chumps get away with this!"

"You're doing a great job, so far," said Fancy.

The two thugs began climbing the fire escape with their sacks.

"Heh, heh," laughed Buddy, "this is a great scheme, Mike. We drop these cats through the skylight onto the floor of the arena. They will cause a riot with all those dogs."

"Yeah! And while all that is going on, we slip down and rob all the jewelry and wallets from those rich society folks."

So saying, they opened a window in the skylight, on the roof of the arena. Then they opened the sacks and dumped Top Cat and his friends toward the auditorium floor.

"Yeeeeoww," yelled Spook as they went tumbling through space, "I've heard of it raining cats and dogs, but never cats **on** dogs!"

"Speaking of raining, I hope I don't step in a poodle," cried Choo Choo.

Top Cat reminded him, "That'd be a lot better than stepping in a police dog."

Well, when those cats hit the floor, the dogs were ready for them. Pandemonium broke loose. The floor of the auditorium looked like a cross between a football game and World War II; and the cats were definitely on the losing side. Blue-ribboned dogs scattered and chased cats, while blue-blooded owners chased their dogs. And during all the excitement, only two people went about their business nice and quietly. But the business they went about wasn't so nice.

"What a snap! This robbery is like taking candy from a baby," chuckled Mike Meany as he lifted a diamond necklace from a society matron who was chasing her poodle.

"Cheese it, the cops are here!" said Buddy, as he saw Officer Dibble and another policeman enter the auditorium.

The cats all spotted Dibble at once and went running for him the way they'd run for a corned beef sandwich (a free corned beef sandwich, that is).

"Dibble, for the first time in my life, I'm glad to see you," panted Top Cat.

"Top Cat! We got a call there was a riot down here. I might have known you were behind this. I'm taking you in for disturbing the peace," said Dibble.

"The charge is a lot more serious than that," said Dibble's fellow officer, running up. "A lot of these people are complaining they were robbed!"

"Robbed? These cats are sneaky, tricky, troublesome mischief-makers . . . but I don't think they'd resort to robbery," said Dibble.

"Thanks, Dibble . . . I think," said T.C. "We are the victims of a frame-up. Some thugs grabbed us and . . ."

He was interrupted by Dibble's fellow officer. "Never mind your alibi. First we're taking you down to the station."

"But we have to have a chance to find the real crooks and prove our innocence. We can't go with you yet!" Top Cat protested. "Give them the old 'meow,' gang."

On Top Cat's orders, the whole gang started meowing at once. This chorus of cat wails made the dogs jumpy and they charged out of their stalls again, barking and howling, and knocking over everything and everybody in their way, including the two policemen.

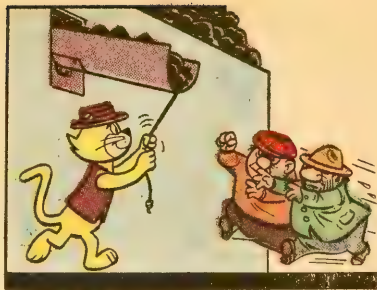
This was Top Cat's plan. And as soon as the dogs charged, he charged for the door, with his pals close behind him.

"What course of action do we pursue now?" asked Brain, as they ran down the alley.

Top Cat answered, "The first thing we do is hide. Then we go out and look for those thugs so we can clear ourselves. Quick, let's jump in this empty coal cellar!"

Top Cat was wrong about one thing, which he soon discovered as they all jumped down into the cellar. It wasn't empty! Mike Meany and Buddy Badguy were sitting at a table, counting their ill-gotten gains.

"Yipe! Those cats! How did they find us here?" shouted Buddy.



"I don't know, but they're never going to tell anybody about it," growled Mike, getting up from the table.

Top Cat was thinking fast. "Er . . . wait a minute," he said. "Why should we want to tell anybody about it? We like easy money, too. I figure we could pull this scheme off other places and make a lot of money. You picked some smart cats when you nabbed us . . . crooked, too. We found you through our . . . er . . . underworld connections."

"So! You cats did look a little crooked to me, but why should Buddy and I share all this swag with you cats?" Mike snarled.

"Because we have a lot of other money-grabbing schemes," said T.C., moving toward a bin in one corner of the cellar, piled high with coal. "Like knocking down people with an avalanche of rocks and robbing them."

Both men got up from the table and went for T.C., as Mike said, "What a dumb scheme. It wouldn't work. Let's nab these nitwits."

But T.C. proved it would work by pulling open the chute on the coal bin.

"Ouch! Owwww!" yelled the thugs as they got conked with coal. In less than a minute, they were both out, coal-d.

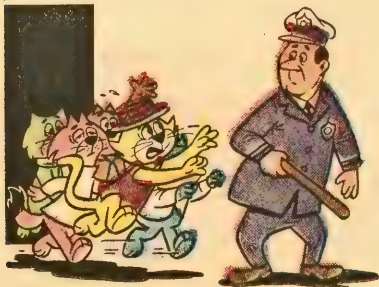
"Call the police and tell them the great Top Cat has saved the day again," said T.C.

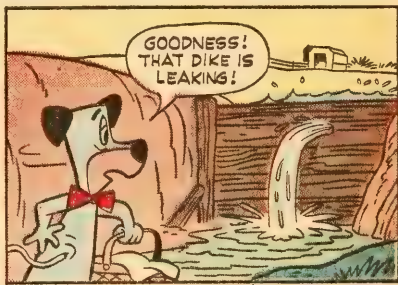
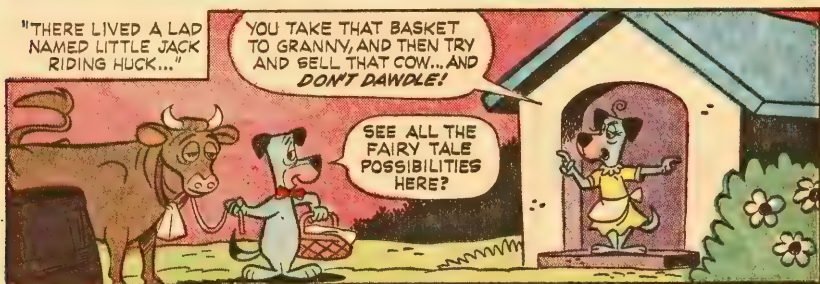
One hour later, the cats were in front of the dog show auditorium (they'd never go inside again) with Dibble and a show judge.

"My dear cats. Our noble club has decided to award you with some of our prize money in gratitude for helping us recover our valuables," said the judge as he handed them one thousand dollars.

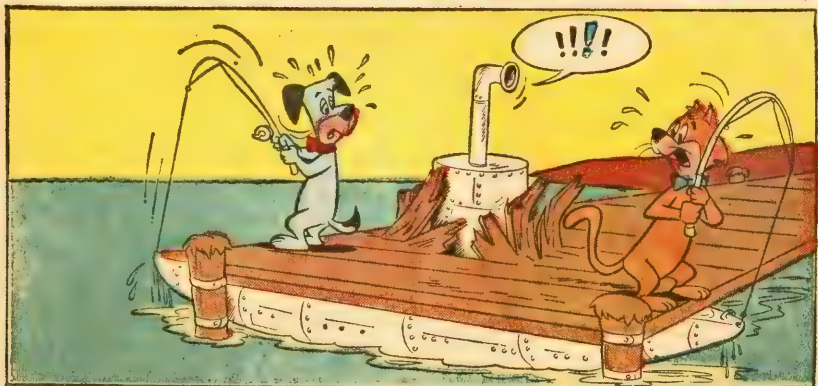
The gang cheered as Top Cat took the cash.

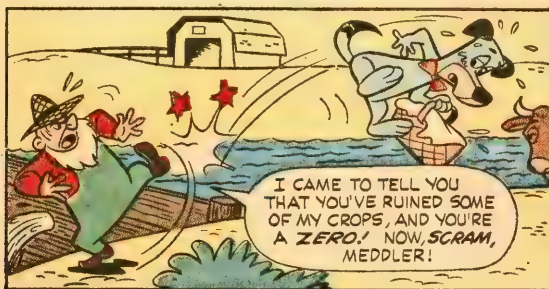
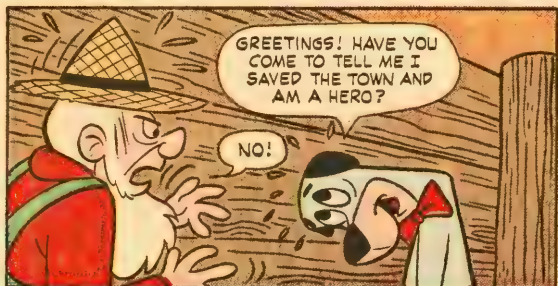
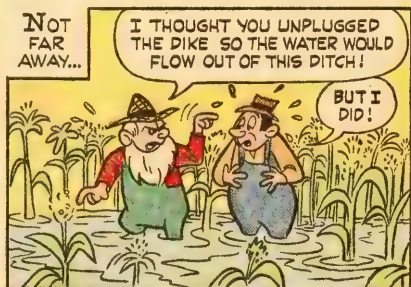
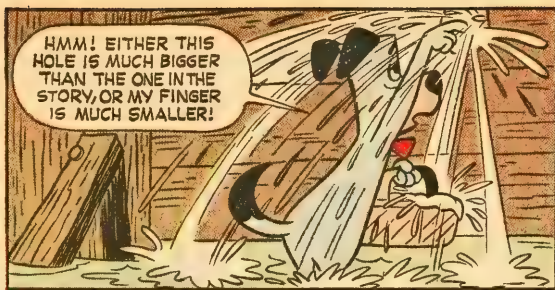
And that's the first time on record that a bunch of cats won prize money at a dog show!

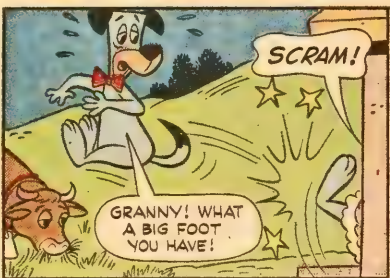
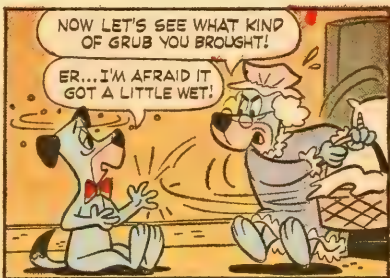
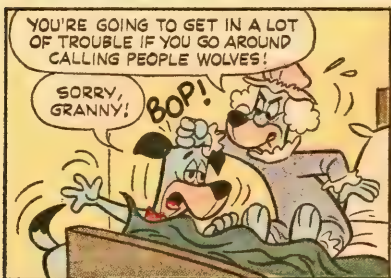
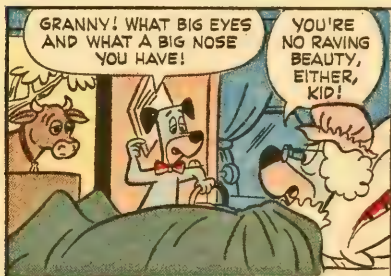
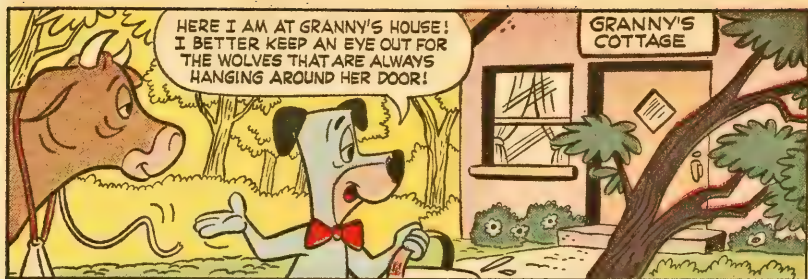


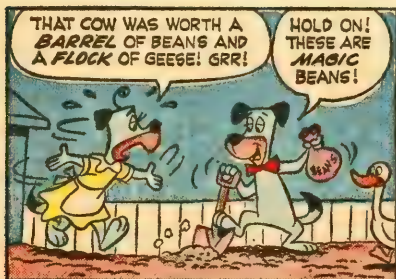
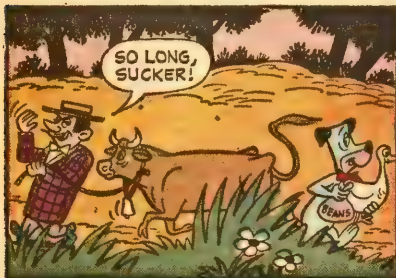
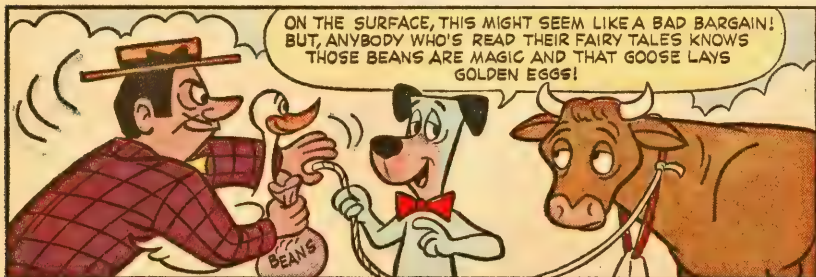
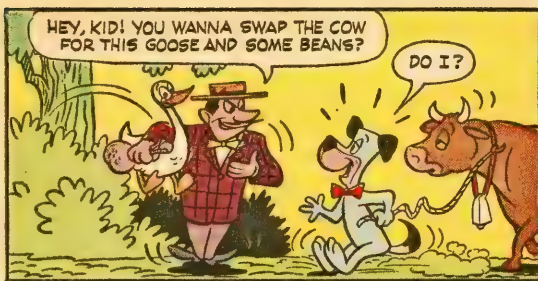


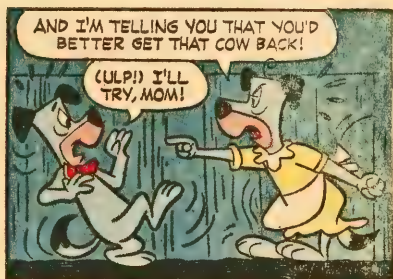
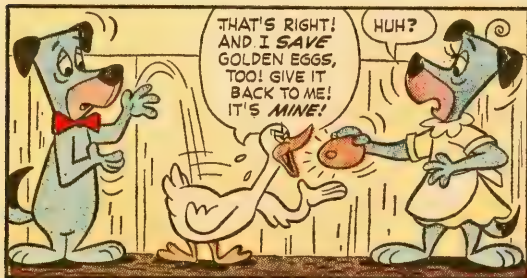
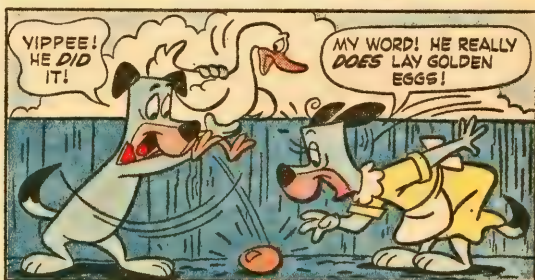
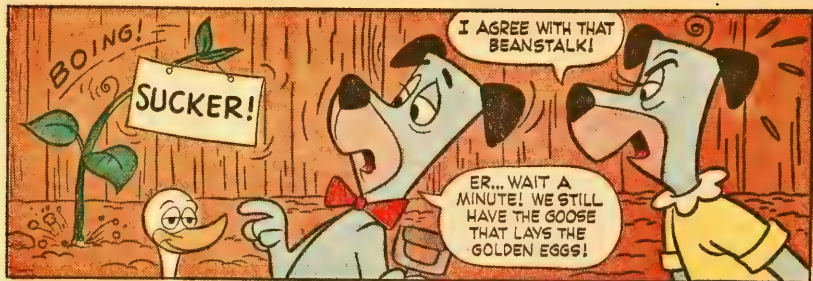
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HUCKLEBERRY
CHUCKLEBERRY

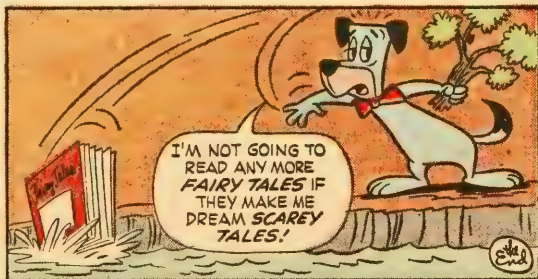
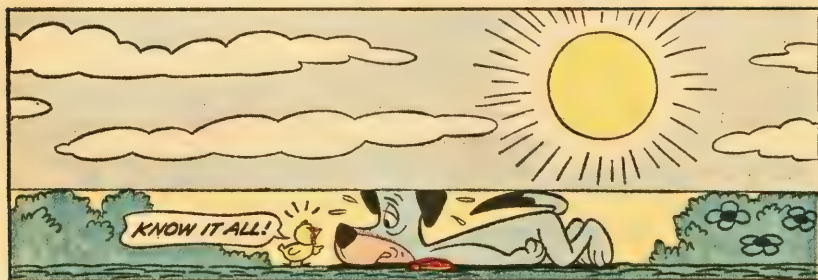
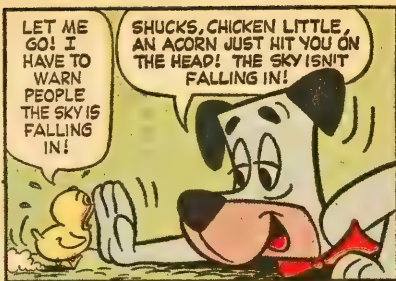




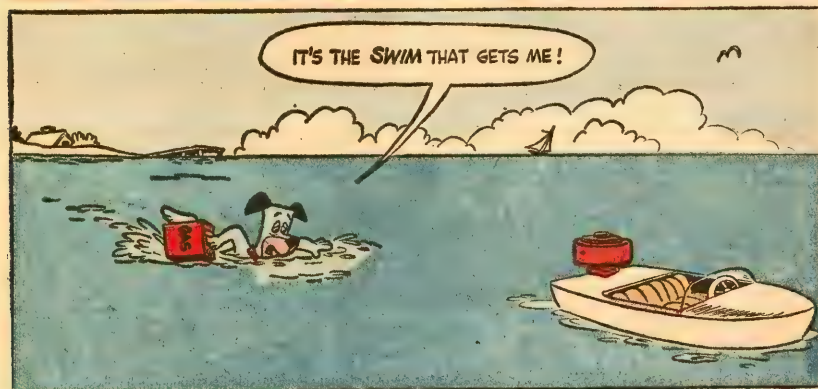
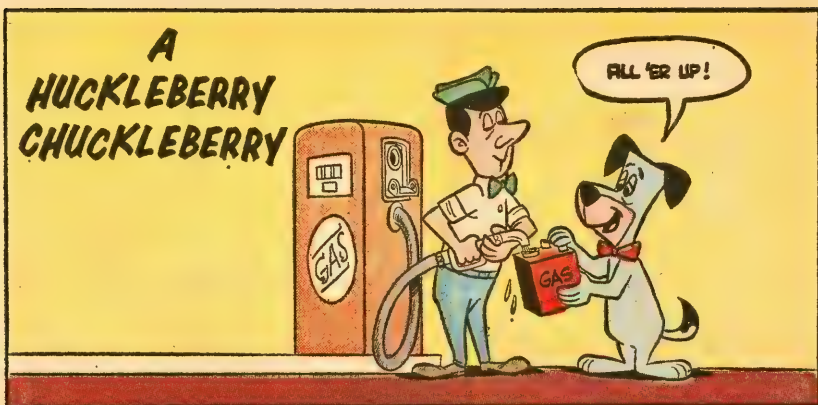








A HUCKLEBERRY CHUCKLEBERRY

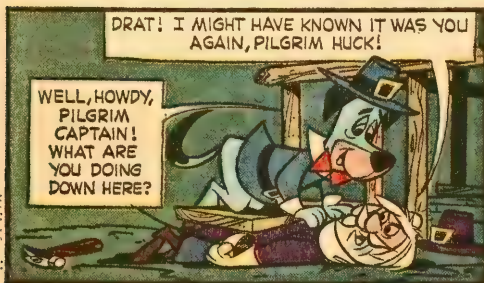
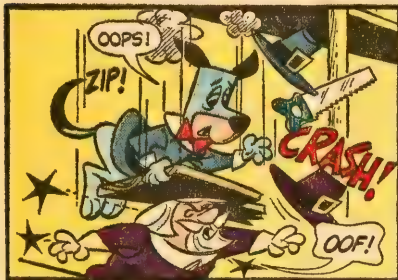


Hanna-Barbara

Huckleberry Hound

THE UNGRIM PILGRIM

US LITTLE OLD PILGRIMS ARE BUILDING
A FORT TO PROTECT US FROM GETTING HURT
BY THE HOSTILE WILDERNESS HEREBOUTS!



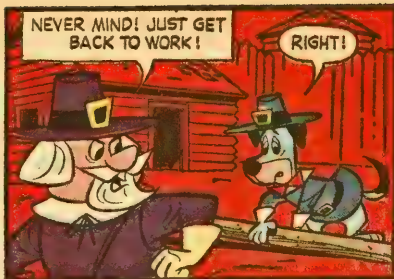
THAT'S THE THIRD TIME
TODAY YOU'VE PULLED
A BOO BOO! TRY TO
BE MORE CAREFUL!

I'LL TRY, BUT
BOO BOOS COME
SORTA NATURAL-
LIKE WITH ME!



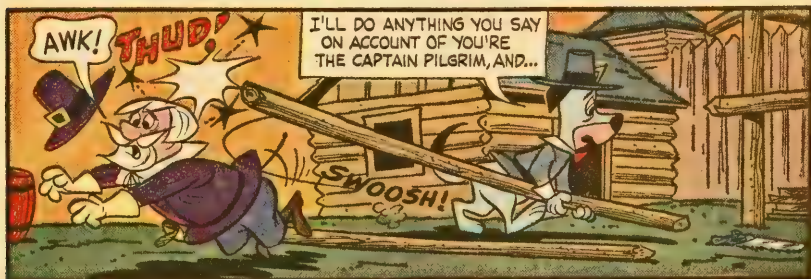
NEVER MIND! JUST GET
BACK TO WORK!

RIGHT!



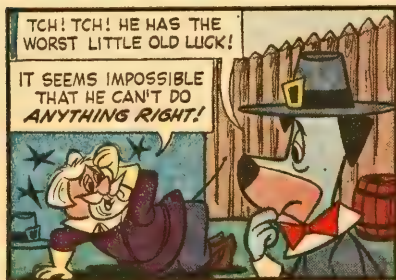
AWK! **THUD!**

I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY
ON ACCOUNT OF YOU'RE
THE CAPTAIN PILGRIM, AND...



TCH! TCH! HE HAS THE
WORST LITTLE OLD LUCK!

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE
THAT HE CAN'T DO
ANYTHING RIGHT!



I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT
ENOUGH
OF THIS!

WAIT! IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT! DON'T
BLUNDERBUSS ME!

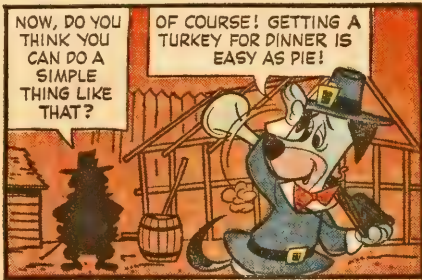


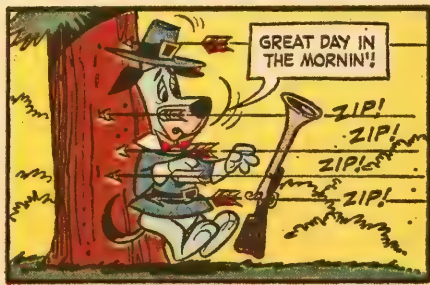
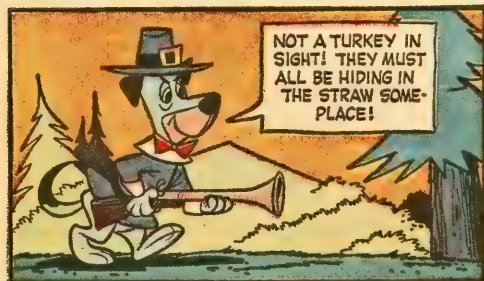
DON'T BE SILLY! TAKE THIS
GUN AND GO GET US A
TURKEY FOR DINNER!

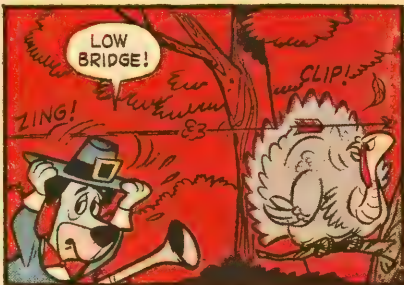
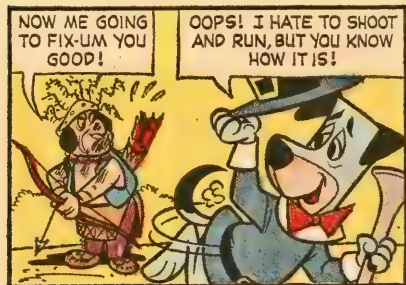
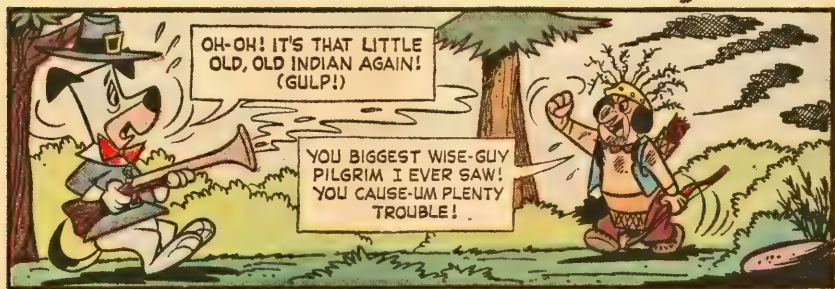
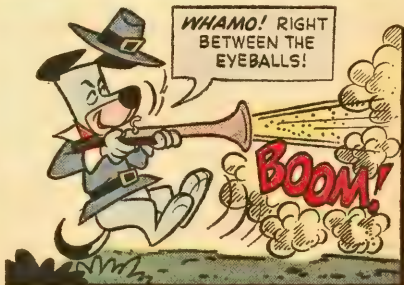
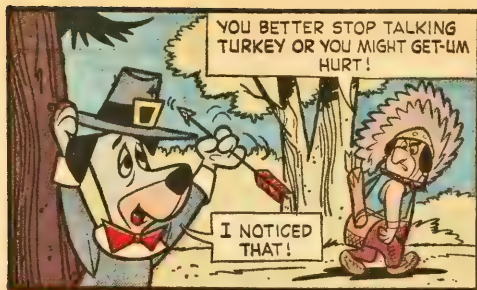


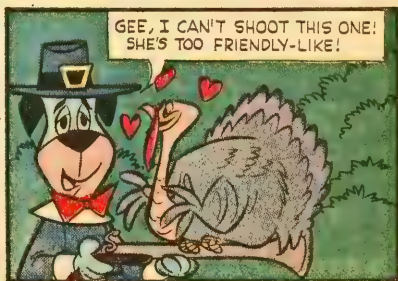
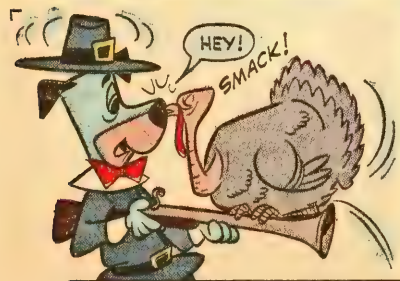
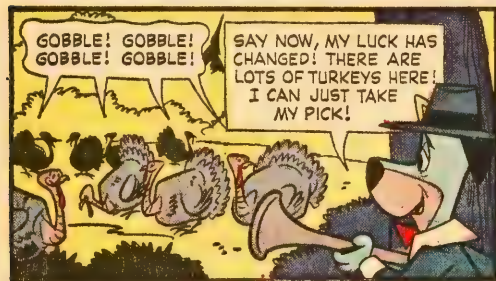
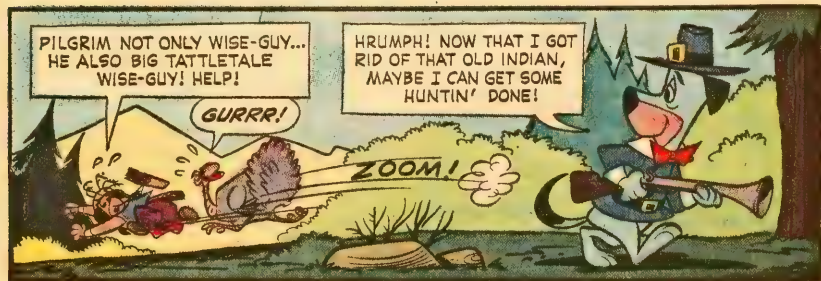
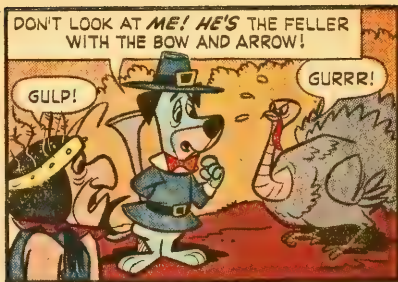
NOW, DO YOU
THINK YOU
CAN DO A
SIMPLE
THING LIKE
THAT?

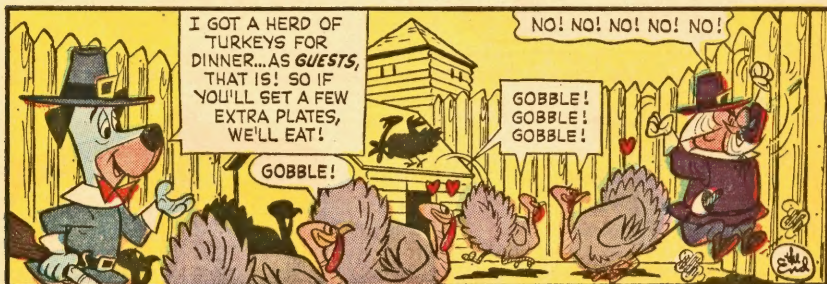
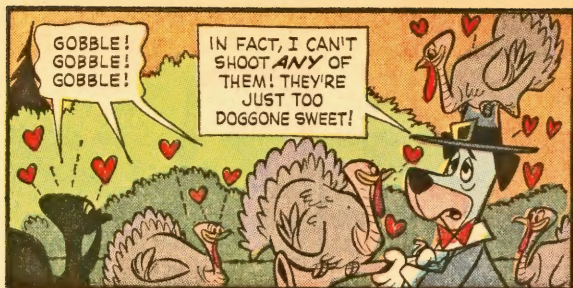
OF COURSE! GETTING A
TURKEY FOR DINNER IS
EASY AS PIE!











STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST, 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Huckleberry Hound Chuckleberry Tales published quarterly at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for October 1, 1962.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, K. K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Editor, Marquis M. Morse, Staatsburg, N. Y.; Managing editor, Marquis M. Morse, Staatsburg, N. Y.; Business manager, Howard L. Anderson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

2. The owner is K. K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. (Western Publishing Company, Racine, Wisconsin). Stockholders at Racine, Wisconsin: Horace M. Benstead Trust, Carif & Company, C. W. DeWitt Trust, Firac & Co., Henry J. Haumersen, Herman Johnson, Paul Lyle, B. H. Schaffer, E. G. Voigt, Ralph Voigt, W. R. Wadewitz Revocable Trust, Jerome C. Wiechers; Stockholders at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Charles T. Brose, Richard Small, Harold D. Spencer; Stockholder at New York, N. Y.: Georges Duplaix; Stockholder at St. Louis, Mo.: John M. Wolff; Stockholder at Beverly Hills, California: Robert S. Callender; Stockholder at Boston, Mass.: Inco c/o State Street Bank; Stockholder at Jersey City, N. J.: Croft & Co.; Stockholder at Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Band & Co.; Stockholder at Minneapolis, Minn.: Emseg and Company; Stockholder at Wellington, Delaware: Touchstone & Co.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: at Racine, Wisconsin: Horace M. Benstead Trust,

Jessie I. Benstead, Alma C. Boerneke, Arthur J. Christiansen Term Trust, C. W. DeWitt Trust, James Drinkwater & Marie Drinkwater, Henry J. Haumersen, Hannah Marie Hinds, M. O. Lawson Revocable Trust, Roy W. Maher Estate, A. C. Naleid Revocable Trust, B. H. Schaffer, Jessie Mignon Spencer Trust, Roy A. Spencer Marital Trust, Roy A. Spencer Residuary Trust, Henry VanWingen Revocable Trust, E. G. Voigt, Nellie M. Voigt, Ralph Voigt, Robert M. Wadewitz Marital Trust, E. H. Wadewitz Trust, W. R. Wadewitz Revocable Trust, The Western Publishing Company Foundation, Western Welfare Association, Racine, Western Retirement Trust, Trust Under Will of John Wiechers, Richard J. Wiechers, Wilhelmina Wiechers; at Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Doris S. Goble.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 7,524.

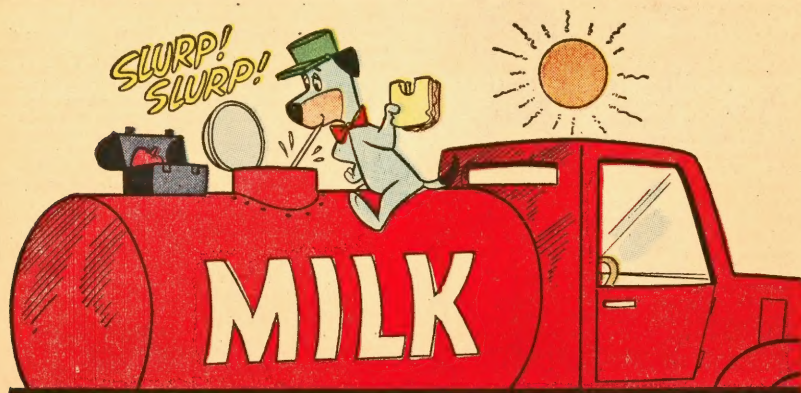
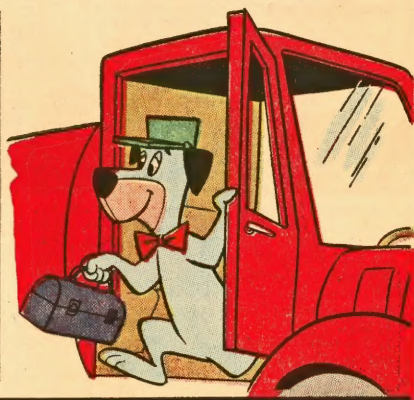
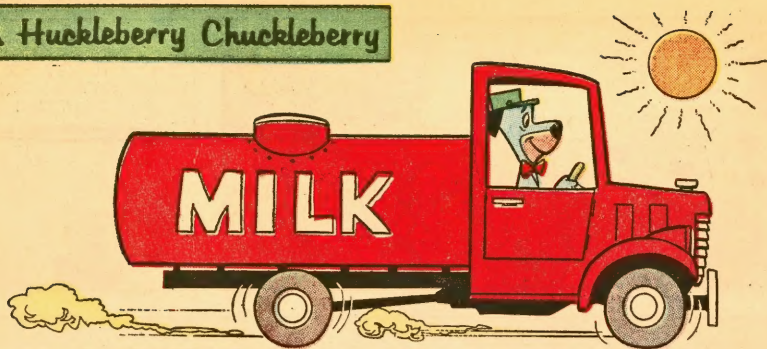
(Signed) HOWARD L. ANDERSON

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1962.

HARRY E. JOHNSON

(Seal) (My commission expires March 30, 1963)

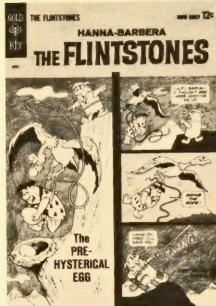
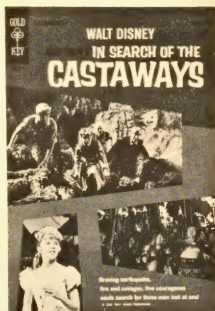
A Huckleberry Chuckleberry



HANNA-BARBERA BANDWAGON
 THE NURSES LASSIE
 BORIS KARLOFF TALES OF MYSTERY
 YOGI BEAR
 WALT DISNEY'S SON OF FLUBBER
 JELLYSTONE JOLLIES
 THE JETSONS
 HUCKLEBERRY HOUND
 CHUCKLEBERRY TALES
 NANCY AND SLUGGO TUROK
 WALT DISNEY'S WORLD OF ADVENTURE
 LITTLE LULU
 THE THREE STOOGES
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